

POETRY.

THE FISHER-BOAT.

BY ELIZA COOK.

No reefer struts upon her deck, no boatswain
pipes his crew,
Whose rough and tarry jackets are as often
brown as blue;
Her sails are torn, her timbers worn, she's but a
crazy craft,
Yet luck betides her in the gale, and plenty
crowns her draught.
Let but a foe insult the land that holds their
cottage home,
And Yaukee hearts will spring from out the
merry little foam.
What, ho! what, ho! away they go—the moon
is high and bright—
God speed the little fisher-boat, and grant a
starry night.

No pennants flutter on her masts, no port holes
range her side,
A dusky speck—she takes her place upon the
midnight tide,
While gaily sings some happy boy, "A life upon
the sea,
With jolly mates, a flowing can, and trusty nets
for me."
But many an hour of fearful risk she meets
upon the wave,
That ships of stout and giant form would
scarce care to brave;
And many a one with trembling hand, will
trim the beacon light,
And cry "God speed the fisher-boat upon a
stormy night."

We proud y laud the daring ones who cross the
pathless main,
The shining gems and yellow dast of other
climes to gain;
We honor those whose blood is with the mingled
waters found,
Who fought till death to guard the cliffs those
waters circle round.
'Tis well; but let us not forget the poor and
gallant set
Who toil and watch when others sleep, to cast
the heavy net;
Their perils are not paid by fame—so trim the
beacon light,
And cry "God speed the fisher-boat, and grant a
starry night."

PEACE.

She dwells alone, in her amber skies,
The spirit I love best;
And the celestial harmonies
Are centered in her breast.
Here eye is thought, her breath is song,
And light and hope her wings;
And man would think his life too long,
But for the rest she brings.

She leaves her home, where morning first
Awakes the early lark,
Ere her more dazzling beauties burst
Her garments deep and dark;
She comes upon the track of night,
To bless the crystal dew,
And sheds around a soft delight,
That lasts the long day through.

And when, at evening, twilight dims
The landscape, late so fair,
Invisible, but blithe, she skims
Her native fields of air;
She wakes the birds in hedge and wood,
She wakes the human soul—
She soothes the sad, and cheers the good,
All onward to their goal.

I love this spirit, free and fair,
More than all things beside,
For she bespeaks our Maker's care
Of his creation wide;
And oft at midnight, when the sky
Is studded all with gold,
She lends the soul a harmony
That never could be told.

Animal Economy.—As a Yankee pedlar of the genuine Connecticut breed, was one day in front of a country tavern, watering a raw boned horse whose ribs might be as easily counted as marbles in a boy's pocket, a roguish looking horse jockey accosted the pedlar to have some fun with him, as follows:—

"I say, I rather imagine it don't cost much to keep that ere creature in feed' does it?"

"Wal now, what would you give to know? I make it a rule never to trade for nothin'!"

"Well," said the jockey, "if you can feed him on any think cheaper than laths and brickbats, and support life, I'll treat."

"Done!" said Johnathan, putting both hands into his pockets and looking up into the jockey's face "I'll take you up! stranger. I just gets a lot of shavings and a pair of green spectacle on the animals nose, and the foolish creature thinks its grass at that rate he eats a barrel a day." Now stranger, I'd take a sweetener, if you please."

What are you doing there, all alone in that large house?" said a gentleman to an Irishman, the sole occupant of a dilapidated building on — street. "Sure, and it's an officer I am, your honor," said Pat. "An officer, how so?" "Why you see the others are all gone, and I'm a lieutenant."

A prosecution for a breach of marriage promise was commenced in the Circuit Court in Westchester, New York, a few days since, but was settled by the defendant paying \$1200 damages. The case must have been a clear one, and the payee has acted wisely.

WOMEN IN SICKNESS.—In no situation, and under no circumstances does the female appear to such advantage as when watching beside the bed of sickness. The chamber of disease may indeed be said to be woman's home. We there behold her in her loveliest, most attractive point of view—firm, without being harsh; tender, yet not weak; active, yet quiet; patient, uncomplaining, vigilant. Every sympathetic feeling that so peculiarly graces the feminine character is called forth; while the native strength of mind, which has hitherto slumbered in inactivity, is roused to its fullest energy. With noiseless step, she moves about the chamber of the invalid; her listening ear ever ready to catch the slightest murmur; her quick, kind glance to interpret the unuttered wish and supply the half-formed want. She smooths, with careful hands, the uneasy pillow that supports the hating head; or with cool hand soothes the fevered brow, or proffers to the glazing and parching lip the grateful, happy if she meets one kind glance in payment for her labor of love. Hers is the low whispered voice which breathes of life and hope of health in store for happy days to come; or tells of better and of heavenly rest where neither sorrows nor disease can come—where the dark power of death no more shall have dominion over the frail suffering, perishable clay. Through the dim silent watches of the night, when all are hushed in sleep, it is hers to keep lone vigils, and to hold communion with her God, and silently lift up her heart in fervent prayer, for the prolongment of a life for which she would cheerfully sacrifice her own. And even when exhausted nature sinks to brief repose, forgetfulness is denied. Even in sleep she starts, and rises from her slumbers, raises her drooping head, watches with dreamy eyes the face she loves, then again, to rest, to start with every chime of the clock, or distant sound, which formerly had passed unheard, or only served as a lullaby to her sweet sleep. How lovely does the wife, the mother, the sister or the friend become to the eye of grateful affection, while administering ease, comfort, nay, almost life itself, to the husband, the son, the brother, or the friend.—*Spirit of the English Magazines.*

The Slanderer.—Nothing more clearly evinces in our estimation the blackness and deceitfulness of the human heart, than a desire to backbite and break down the character of those who have, by ordinary discretion and prudence attained an honorable distinction in society. Murder is looked upon by the laws of our country as a crime sufficient to take the life of the murderer. Robbery, even to the amount of a few shillings, in many parts of the world is punished with death—and in all countries and societies, thieves are looked upon as the most infamous of persons. Yet the Slanderer—the vile—the wicked defamer—the living Angel of his Satanic Majesty, whose tongue and mouth is like that of the adder—ready and willing (as soon as touched) to scatter the poisonous seed of discord and misery throughout the healthy veins of society, is still treated with the same familiar intimacy, as if he had done no evil. We hate the slanderer. We hate those persons who carry with them concealed the javelins of destruction, ready to pierce the innocent and unsuspecting person to his heart's blood. They should be viewed by the laws of our country as traitors to the best interests of society.

They remind us of a flower which appears to be the most inviting of all the companions that are resting about. It bows with as much submission to the winds of heaven, it droops at the mid day sun, and revives again at the hour of twilight. We become much delighted with the fair blossom—we cull it from its native stem for our own satisfaction. Before we place the beautiful and delicate ornaments in our bosom, we examine it closely, and find in it secreted some poisonous insect. Astonished and enraged we drop it and cry out—sweet to the view, yet poisonous to be touched. Just so with the Slanderer, we look upon him as one for whom nature has displayed her skill extensively. His conversation and manners are enticing—apparently flexible to the rules of politeness and morality. Yet, let us probe him to the bottom—let his disposition become the least ruffled, and you behold him executing his hellish design, to the overthrow of some fair one's character.

Singular Will.—An English miser (John Pleech) lately died in London, leaving the following will:

"I give and bequeath to my nephew my black coat; I give and bequeath to my niece the flannel waistcoat I now wear; I give and bequeath to each of my sister's grandchildren one of the earthen pots on the top of my wardrobe; finally, I give and bequeath to my sister, as a last token of the affection I have always felt for her, the brown stone jug at the head of my bed."

The disappointment of the legatees, when this strange will was read, may be easily imagined. The deceased was spoken of by all in a manner no ways flattering to him; and his sister, in a fit of anger, gave the brown stone jug (her legacy) a kick, which broke in pieces, when a complete stream of guineas poured out of it; and the general disappointment gave way to joy. Each hurried to examine his or her legacy; and the old black coat, the flannel waistcoat, and the little earthen pots were found equally well filled—the testator having only wished to cause them an agreeable surprise.

Ten thousand hogs were butchered at Cincinnati in one week.

The Mechanic.—There is no dispute, about it, many individuals look upon the mechanic as inferior to the trader, the merchant, the lawyer, the minister, or the well dressed pauper. The women, too, have caught the fever, and it is laughable to see the delicate creatures turn up their noses and their lips, when they approached by a hard working, honest man, dressed in his homespun, with brown hands and freckle face. But where would they be were it not for the mechanic? They are dependent upon him for almost all they possess and enjoy—and yet they pretend to despise him. Many a one who has thus looked with contempt upon the industrious, has in the end been made to acknowledge her error, and would have given worlds to receive the kind regard of him she once despised.

As a general thing, our mechanics are the most intelligent portion of our citizens, and are exerting the greatest influence in our country. Many of our best writers and lecturers belong to this class. Benjamin Franklin, the Philosopher and Statesman was a printer; Elihu Burrett, who is acquainted with more than fifty languages, is a blacksmith; John G. Whittier, the poet, is a shoe-maker; Morris, of the New York Mirror, is a printer; Garrison, of the Liberator, is a printer; Whitmore, of the Boston Trumpet, is a blacksmith, and so we believe is our friend Saywood, of the Bangor Whig; Severance, of the Augusta Journal, who has recently been elected to Congress, is a printer; Becket, of the Bulletin, and Holden, of the Argus, are printers; so also is Holden, of the Saturday Courier. A host of others, we have not time to mention, who, exerting their influence, have graduated at the anvil, the work bench, the stand, or the shoe-maker's bench. Who would believe, then, that there are those living who look with contempt upon mechanics?

A new fashioned fan.—Some years ago, in Natchez, Mississippi, Professor Maffit was announced to preach in that city on a certain day. The fame of the gifted orator had preceded him, and every person in the city of Bluffs was anxious to hear him. Somehow the news happened to reach the hotel of an old woman, who, perhaps, had not heard a sermon for a quarter of a century, and very seldom went out into the world. She determined to hear the stranger. It being excessively warm weather at the time, and having no fan, she started to purchase one. She got to a store where they happened to know her; and aware of her ignorance, they were determined to have some fun. They told her they had just received a new fashioned fan, a very beautiful article, and handed her a common gilt bellows! She tried its power to raise a breeze, and was delighted with it. To church she went; the house being crowded, she took her seat near the pulpit. The text was selected, and the preacher progressed and warmed with his subject, and so did the old woman, who now blowing away as if her salvation depended upon her keeping cool. This attracted the attention of the audience, and the speaker looked down to see what was the matter. His eyes caught the old woman—he stopped and smiled at the ridiculous figure she cut. The old woman observed him looking at her, and cried out "Go it my magnolia, bless God I see all attention." The audience fainting, the curtain dropped, and we left; but the image of the old woman with her new fan is yet before us.

A Fated Family.—The last number of the Subterranean contains a sketch of Mike Walsh, which, after stating that his father, who was once worth \$80,000, became insolvent, and died of a broken heart, says:

"The children, consisting of four brothers, of whom Mike was the youngest, and a girl, scattered in all directions, the latter alone staying with her mother. A singular fatality attended them all. One of the brothers fell by the side of Crockett, at the massacre of the Alamo. Another was shot in a duel fought across a table in the South. The third was burnt in the Ben Sherod, and the sister perished in the ill-fated Lexington. (And yet God is above all!) The mother soon followed, and left him, like Logan, the last of his race."

Dialogue.—Parishoner.—It amuses me why ministers don't write better sermons; I'm tired of these dull prosy affairs.

Parson.—But it is no easy matter, my good women, to write a good sermon.

Parishoner.—Yes, but then you are so long about it. I could write one myself in half the time if I only had the text.

Parson.—O, if a text is what you want, I will furnish that. Take this one from Solomon: "It is better to dwell on the house-top than in a broad house with a bawling woman."

Parishoner.—Do you mean me, sir?

Parson.—O, my good woman, you will never make a good sermonizer, you are too quick in your application.

A young man acting as groomsmen at a wedding in Cleveland a short time since, came near being married, by awkwardly getting in the groom's place. He was so sadly frightened that he has not slept since without dreaming of cages, traps, intrigues, explosions, halts, and all that sort of thing. His health has been seriously affected.

A quaint writer of sentences says: I have seen women so delicate that they were afraid to ride, for fear the horse might run away—afraid to sail for fear the boat might overset—afraid to walk for fear the dew might fall; but I never saw one afraid to be married.

A Pious Mother.—It is said that in the hand of one of the mummies found in a pyramid, was discovered a bulbous root, which, being placed in the earth, grew and bloomed a beautiful, but unknown flower, after having been buried for many hundred years.—We mention a case in point. Some years since, a venerable old man, upwards of one hundred years, was the subject of converting grace in an American state. The cause of this conversion was hearing a text of scripture which his pious mother had taught him in England one hundred years before!

"Though seed lie buried in the dust,
I shan't deceive our hope;
The precious grain shall ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop."

Farmers and Mechanics.—He who earns his bread by healthful toil, need not envy the overflowing coffers filled with legal robbery. It is among the farmers and mechanics that we find the virtuous heart in all their healthful purity. It is to them we look to redeem our country's glory from the spirit of monopoly and selfishness, now so fearfully prevalent among the American people. It is to them we look to preserve that banner from stain and dishonor which has told our glory and greatness to every whispering breeze, from India's spiny isles, and Greenlann's frozen strand.

Golonel Greene, of the Boston Post, is a terrible sinner, and nothing but his inexhaustible fund of good humor will save him. He will be read out of church some day for such paragraphs as the following:

Broad is the Road.—A whig paper says the whig party is now on the broad road, &c. We wonder if this coon ever read old brother Watts; in one of his good hymns, he says:

Broad is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there!

A paper in Texas recommends to the settlers, not to run in debt. Having run from debt to get there, he says, there can be no greater folly shown than running into it when there, for beyond, there is no place to run.

"The handkerchief! the handkerchief!" cried Othello. "Confound it," said a sailor in the pit, "blow your nose with your fingers and go on with the play."

Dean Swift proposed to tax female beauty, and leave every lady to rate her own charms. He said the tax would be cheerfully paid, and be very productive.

A New Enterprise.
By the former Editor of the Saturday Evening Post, and Saturday Courier.

COMPRISING the fruits of twenty years experience in the Newspaper business—the aid of the most distinguished newspaper writers of the day; a valuable Foreign Correspondence; with troops of Literary friends, and the determination to publish a newspaper for all classes, which shall not be surpassed.

Philadelphia Saturday Museum,
Of Knowledge, News and Amusement.

A Family Newspaper, neutral in politics—opposed to quackery, and devoted to the useful arts, education, morals, health and amusement. The tales, sketches, narratives, biographies, essays and poems, shall be of the first order; the best productions of the best writers of the day. Also articles on History, Astronomy, Chemistry, and all the useful arts and sciences, with a liberal portion of light reading, anecdotes, wit and humor, making a varied, rich, and mirth-inspiring Ohio.

Life on the Ocean.—Furnishing narratives of sterling adventures at sea, showing the courage and heroism of the bold mariner, as He springs from his hammock, and flies to the deck,

Where amazement confronts him with images dire,
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck,
The masts fly in splinters; the shrouds are on fire.

Foreign and domestic news, Congressional proceedings, and a general view of all matters of interest or importance, will appear.

Pictorial embellishments, comprising maps, landscapes, architecture, portraits of distinguished personages, of both sexes. In these as well as in neatness of typography, the Museum shall not be surpassed.

Foreign Correspondence.—Arrangements have been completed for securing a regular foreign correspondence, more extensive and complete than has ever enriched the columns of an American newspaper.

Commercial.—The state of business, of stocks, prices of grain and flour, and all descriptions of country produce, merchandise, &c., will be given from actual sales in Philadelphia, Baltimore, New York, Boston, &c.

Select and original gems from the best productions of the best writers of the day.

TO AGENTS.—Terms, Commissions, &c.

Any individual who will take the trouble to procure the names of his friends, and remit the funds, will be entitled to the commissions, which are at present, and will continue to be until further notice, more liberal by far than have yet been offered by any newspaper of real character or merit.

TERMS.—The Philadelphia Saturday Museum is published every week at two dollars per annum, as usual in advance, or three dollars at the end of the year. For twenty dollars, in current funds, sixteen copies of the newspaper will be forwarded, securely packed, to any part of the United States. Three copies for five dollars.—All orders and communications to be addressed, free of postage, to

THOS. C. CLARK & Co.

191 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

We shall be glad to exchange with newspapers that will oblige us by copying the above.

NOTICE.

The undersigned, having made application for Letters of Administration on the Estate of Larkin Marlow, deceased, notice is hereby given to all persons interested in said Estate, to be and personally appear before the Probate Court of the County of Attala, on the first Monday in January next, to show cause, if any they can, why the said Letters should not be granted as applied for.

REVENAH ROSS.

December 6th, 1843-14

SOUTHERN DAILY REFORMER.

The first number of the Southern Daily Reformer will be issued the first day of the session of the Legislature—Monday, January 1st. It will appear regularly during the full session, and be continued for one month after the adjournment of both branches of the Legislature—making three months or more. It will contain full and correct reports of the proceedings of both Houses—reports of the various committees—all the important bills introduced and passed—the Executive messages, reports of the State Officers—with speeches in full, of the members, on every important subject. In addition to the proceedings of our State Legislature, it will also contain faithful synopses of all the important proceedings of Congress, and other transactions at the National Government.

The Daily Reformer will record all the interesting news of the South, and the Union—abstracts of the cotton and produce markets at home and abroad—the movements of parties—the latest foreign intelligence—whatever may be of advantage or profit to the citizens of our country.

Various important measures will demand the attention of the ensuing session. Among the most prominent, are—Our debts—taxes and income—State Districting system—public trust—banks—public education—changes in the judiciary—amendment of the constitution for extending Chancery jurisdiction to the Courts—Penitentiary system—completion of the Rail Road from the city of Jackson to the Alabama line. These, with many other momentous subjects, will come before the people's representatives for searching investigation and enlarged discussion, and final action. It is of the highest importance, and seriously affecting the interests of Mississippi, all having intercourse or connection with the Government or citizens.

In view of the solicitude of the people, we have secured the services of John Marshall, Esq., a young gentleman qualified for the task, to report the proceedings of the Legislature, and also the speeches of the members. We have also engaged the aid of Col. C. A. Bradford, late editor of the Southern Tribune, as our Reporter at the general government.

The ensuing session will be of a character not exceeded in importance since the organization of our State. Whether losers or gainers pecuniarily, we shall all have a common desideratum so long desired, of diffusing the people, and rendering them familiar with the acts and conduct of their representatives, shall be satisfied. Relying upon the integrity of the democratic party, and the liberal citizens of our State, generally, we are confident that our labors will be abundantly appreciated. We have established the Southern Reformer on a permanent basis—and made of Jackson our permanent residence, and of the future, we know that an unfettered port of democratic principles, will obtain—unsought and unasked—the permanent and esteem of the party.

At the present era of our history, the of the United States have before them of stupendous national interest, involving prosperity, nay, existence of republicanism. Congress will be asked to adopt into the Union—to repeal the tariff reduction clause—to assume the debts of the Nation's revenue. Our foreign course especially with Great Britain, source of intense interest. In a short time, must know the political preferences of democracy in regard to a presidential election the convention of the States will give probable result of the national convention of the free and enlightened democrats have raised the standard of some great of their principles. They are so many due virtuous, generous benefactors of the people. We have unfurled our banner, its folds may be read the glorious time names of CALHOUN and WEBSTER, reveals their lives without reproach, acts, the country's. The national course according to democratic usage, will be the final choice. May it be our favorite it be the pure-hearted, honest and wise democrat of the south—but on whose head it may fall, that choice will meet our and receive our honest and zealous support. Under no circumstances will our ardent spirits droop, in favor of the will of the cratic party. Be our candidate CALHOUN, or VAN BUREN, time shall show that we for men, but are willing to lay down even our lives for the feelings of sacrifice, for the democracy of the Union.

We invite the co-operation of our all parts of the state, and the south, in support enterprise. For the small sum of Dollars they will obtain a far more complete detail of the proceedings of the Legislature than the whole volume of reports, and the diffusion of correct information upon state and national questions affecting the opinions and decisions of the people.

We especially solicit the support of clergies, and others, in the city of Jackson, way of advertisements. The facilities and advantages resulting to all who a daily issue, must be apparent to every agent and business man. Every citizen feel a deep interest in the character and prosperity of our FAVORITE CITY, more willing to contribute our share to accomplishment of these great objects, than to desire that the advantages shall be reciprocal.

The merchants of New Orleans, Vicksburg, &c., will also find their interest promoted by selecting the DAILY and WEEKLY REFORMER as mediums of advertising the session and business season, the copies of each paper will be circulated section of the state, by members of the press, and regular subscribers. The press of the WEEKLY REFORMER is of 1500 copies, and rapidly increasing; numerous copies are also circulated in the states of Louisiana, Alabama and see. We have spared neither efforts to render our paper worthy the support of our readers; and it will be found one among the best FAMILY, BUSINESS, LITERARY journals in the south.

TERMS:

THE DAILY REFORMER will be sent to subscribers at Three Dollars for the year—payment to be made on reception of the paper.

THE SOUTHERN WEEKLY REFORMER, containing all the matter of the DAILY, at four columns new matter, will, as usual, be published every Tuesday, at \$3 per annum, wishing DAILY and WEEKLY, will receive 5d; payable in advance. Clubs over 10 persons, will be supplied the Daily at the rate of 2 50 each copy.